OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

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Timely Comment
:--on Topics of Interest in—:
Church and State

North Carolina's Silver-Tongue Orator.

North Carolina now has a governor who is the peer of any man in the world as an orator. Listen to the music in the following extract from his inaugural address. It is sweet to the soul of man, as the soft murmur of the gently flowing brook. And doesn't Bickett rise to the height of a real man when he defines his task for the four years ahead. He has embarked on a career of progress, and rings clear on the great questions that are to affect the health of North Carolina's future. We hail him as the man of the hour when he says:

If there be a man in North Carolina who desires to drain a swamp or terrace a hillside; if there be a farmer who is struggling to escape from the crop lien's deadly clutch; if there be a tenant who hungers for a vine and fig tree he may call his own, I want all such to know that the Governor of the State will count it honor and joy to rise up at midnight and lend a helping hand.

"If there be men or combinations of men who want to build factories that will multiply the value of our raw products; to harness our streams and redeem the sad waste of the waters; to construct or equip railroads that will insure adequate transportation for our growing commerce; to form or maintain insurance companies that will keep at home the Niagara of gold that has been flowing out of the State, I want these men to feel that the State recognizes their wisdom and their worth; and places no discount on their patriotism.

"If there be physicians who, with that divine self-forgetfulness that is the birthmark of their calling, are willing to trace disease to its most hidden lair, and plant banners of life on every stronghold of death, I want them to know that the State sees a new salvation in their sacrificial labors, and stands ready to clothe them with all needful authority, and place an unlimited armamentarium at their command.

"For four years I want labor and capital, learning and art, and the life and letter of the law to be devoted to making every acre and every stream, every human and every mechanic unit in the Commonwealth be and do its level best.

"I doubt not that with the wheat will spring up the tares, and to some successor of mine who glories in cremation, I shall bequeath the joy of gathering the tares into bundles and burning them in unquenchable fire. To me the call is definite and despotic, to toil and tire not that all the fields may come white to the harvest.

"Such are my hopes and high resolves. But in civic life aspirations and ideals are without value save as they inspire measures that make for common good. Living problems confront us. Ills that hurt require remedies that heal. "Faith without works is dead."

"The first and dearest work of this administration will be a supreme effort to translate the tenants of the State into landlords. Here and now, in presence of God and these witnesses, I consecrate myself, and all the power and prestige of my office to this endeavor. I shall neither rest nor permit the State to rest, until every honest, industrious and frugal man who tills the soil, has a decent chance to own it. I am driven to this undertaking by the tyranny of a conviction that such a work is essential not alone to the wholesome development, but to the enduring safety of the State. That wizard of the Northwest, James J. Hill, once said, "Land without population is a wilderness; population without land is a mob." Today eighty-four per cent of the people of Mexico are without land, and riots and revolutions result as the sparks fly upward. There can be no government for the many while the lands belong to the few, for the history of the world teaches that the men who own the land will rule it."

Health "Movies" Here.

The most important event of the week was the presence of the State Health Motion Picture Outfit. The bright young men in charge of the outfit gave three performances daily in the school auditorium, beginning at 1:30 Wednesday and continuing through Friday.

Our children enjoyed the programs immensely which were very interesting, instructive and entertaining.

Aside from the health features, the "movies" presented some landscape views of famous American scenery. They began with Western North Carolina mountains and continued through Canada and the Rockies, but the North Carolina scenery surpassed them all in grandeur, beauty and picturesqueness.

We believe the State Board is showing great wisdom in sending out this Health car. It is money very wisely spent, and the people appreciate the move by the health officials. The true aim of the outfit was shown by the the health pictures. These were very interesting and instructive indeed. It brought home to many of us, conditions that actually exist all over North Carolina. This is a crucial stage in the world's history and it is necessary that men take strenuous measures to prevent the premature death of thousands of their fellows and the untold suffering of tens of thousands of others that could be prevented by proper knowledge and care. The object of the health car is to create a public sentiment in favor of better health laws, better sanitary conditions, etc., and to banish the old idea that "what is good enough for our fathers is good enough for me."

The pictures give especial attention to typhoid and malarial fever, the teeth, consumption and patent medicines. Few should now have these diseases except those who are too blind to see or too lazy to follow the path blazed by the pictures.

We believe that this visit will accomplish untold good, and we hope that every county will arrange to have a health campaign by the health motion picture car. It is a genuine treat for the young people and the older people too for that matter.

Rev. A. A. McGeachy, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, is the leader of the movement for a home in North Carolina for fallen women. He has been championing this worthy cause for several years.

Show me a home where music dwells, and I shall show you a happy, peaceful and contented home.—Longfellow.

Do Your Part.

Would you have the world better and brighter?
Then light up the way as you go;
Make some little part of it lighter
With beams from your life's steady glow;
Make the world you live in your debtor
As thru it you journey along.
Be good, and the earth will grow better;
Do right and the right will grow strong;
Trim the lamp that is left to your keeping,
And fan it with breezes of hope,
Lest shadows your life oe'r creeping
Leave others in darkness to grope.
—Selected.

HOME HAPPENINGS

—The boys and girls had a great time coasting down hills on sleds.

—A young printer arrived this week at the home of the editor.

—The price of living continues to soar and no relief is in sight.

—Mrs. J. R. Estridge was a visitor last week. She came on a visit to her children.

Our visitors have been conspicious for their absence during the past week.

—Our young people listen to Dr. Parker's sermons with increasing delight.

—The old weather man put on his war paint during the past week and showed his hand.

—Our boys pocket considerable change from the sale of rabbits.

—Let all the Sunday schools remember the Orphanage on the 4th Sunday.

—The pressure for admittance to the Orphanage gets more strenuous each day.

—The Lord's Supper was observed by the members of Little Joe's Church last Sunday afternoon.

—Mr. J. W. Cloer of Taylorsville was a recent visitor. This item was left out of last week's paper.

—How about those New Year resolutions? "Promises are like pie crusts, easily broken." Doubtless that was the fate of many resolutions ere this.

—In the cash receipts last week the $10.00 given by Mrs. Sarah J. Hutchinson was credited to Sugar Creek church when it should have been Mallard Creek church. Mrs. Hutchinson wants her church to get the credit.

—Since Congress threatened to investigate the newspaper trust the price of paper has dropped some. Pass the hat, boys, and let us put a lobbyist in Washington to keep the investigation going on until this unholy combination is broken up.

—Let us have a mighty increase in the number of Sunday school classes to support a child during the year. Have this as the definite work of the class.

—Those of our friends who subscribed on the club plan will be dropped from the list soon after the clubs expire unless they notify us that they want the paper sent on.

—The hide of a large cow will bring $15 now. When you buy a milk cow you will be asked first to buy the hide and the beef and the cow's ability to produce milk.

—Miss Victoria Hudson, field secretary, will spend much of January and February in the Home doing office work preparatory to going out after the winter months.

—The past week was filled with delightful happenings for the chiidren. The first part of the week the snow came, and when it had melted the "movies" from the State Board of Health were here, and the two combine gave the young folks a jolly good time.

—Dr. Jordan was with us again one day this week examining the children. Dr. Jordan has given more than a day's wages to the Orphanage. He has given more than a day of his time and ability in examining all of our children for effects that need to be corrected.

—We have been mercifully spared from measles to this date. The disease is in the country all around us, and we are fearful lest it gain entrance in the big orphanage family. It is the most dreaded disease of all, and is very dangerous.

Friend—What is the strangest case you ever had in life insurance?

Agent—Miss Old Bubb. She took out a twenty-year endowment policy in 1896, when she was nineteen years of age, and it matured this year when she was twenty-eight.—Puck.

There are 6,000 students in America from fifty different nations of the world. Of this number 600 are from China.

An Unintentional Blunder.

The notice which was published in last week's issue of Our Fatherless Ones entitled "How a Business Man Looks at It" was clipped from Our Fatherless Ones and returned to me by some unknown friend in Charlotte. I say Charlotte because the envelope was post marked Charlotte, though the name of the sender was not given.

My impression is that this good friend intended to enclose a check along with this notice, but unfortunately failed to do so. I am sure this was an oversight, and as I do not know who person is, I take this way to let the fact be known and to give the opportunity for the check to follow later, as I feel confident that this was the intention of our interested friend

My hope too, is that many others may take same view of the situation as that described in article "How a Business Man looks at it." Certainly it is true that a large number of those who are interested in the welfare of the home need to awake to the fact that this is the true view to be taken. Our churches, our Sunday schools, our Societies and individuals all need to take this common sense, practical view of the matter, and I may add do as we are expecting this friend to whom I am writing now to do "to come across with a check." Yes, I mean just this, and larger checks too. I can assure one and all that such a policy needs to be pursued by those who are interested in the welfare of our Home. All need to awake to this fact.

It is no small undertaking to furnish provisions and supply all the demands for a family of 250, or more, and in the face of the current prices of today it is indeed a serious matter to find the means with which to supply all that is needed for such a family.

Cordially and fraternally,
W. T. Walker, Supt.

—Gen. Carr will be asked to pass his fine blooded animals around. When we let it out that the general had given us a calf an other Orphanage applied for one. This reminds us of an experience we had several months ago. We noticed where a company had given an Orphanage a mailing machine. We applied for one explaining that we would give the company a generous write-up. In a few days the machine came and was given on the condition that we say nothing about it in the paper. They were hiding their good deeds under a bushel for a cause.

—Many things transpired to delay this issue of Our Fatherless Ones, and the combination of a number of contributing causes have made it difficult to issue the paper at all. The "Health Movies" kept the boys from the office much of three days. Then, too, the editor was kept away from the office for several days because of the arrival of James Perry, Jr., early in the week. Like most babies he sleeps in the day time and cries in the night, and the editor keeps him nights. By the way, John D., don't raise the price of oil. If he does so, Bro. Johnson is requested to get the Legislature on the job investigating.

—Recently we mentioned that one of our boys was "devil" in the printing office. His grandmother saw it and wrote to the boy: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Why I am surprised at you for being so bad. You must do better." Amen! It might be well to explain here that the said boy is a beginner and above name applies to beginners in all printing offices.

The editor of the Pathfinder said, "Christmas, New Year's and other anniversaries are a good thing because they force people to get out of the ruts and to look around them and see where they are going. If it were not for these mile posts along the road of time, the human race would soon degenerate into mere heartless, spiritless and soulless machines."

GLEANINGS
:-:— FROM THE —:-:
Orphanage Field.

Orphanage Legislation.

The Orphanage work has asked for and received very little help from our lawmakers. Really we have not needed it for it is true here as it is everywhere that they are governed best who are governed least. But as the work has widened and institutions have enlarged, some little strengthening of the law pertaining to the work seems to be necessary.

In the first place the old idea that an Orphanage is above the law and should be run by love alone, was exploded long ago. If the children and the employees were all angels that rule might be the proper thing; but there is about as much human nature in those connected with an Orphanas may be found anywhere in the world.

The management of the Orphanages needs a little more legal authority in the conduct of the institutions than they have under the law now. The children know the present weakness in the Orphanage legal authority, and this knowledge is reflected in the conduct of some of them. If the managers of these institution are to stand in loco parentis to the child they ought to be clothed with parental authority. They are not thus clothed.

This wider authority will be asked of the General Assembly which no doubt will willingly grant the request; for a strong and wholesome public sentiment in this state will uphold any reasonable favor the Orphanage may ask.

Another weakness in the law with regard to the Orphanage work is the fact that the public are imposed upon by pitiful appeals from "fake" institutions which should not by law be allowed to exist. We have one or two such institutions in North Carolina. Avaricious promoters have prospered on the poverty and helplessness of orphan children. This should be remedied in someway and the children as well as the public should be protected.

Other change and improvements may suggest themselves to the committee appointed on legislation by the Orphan Association, and they will all be the result of careful consideration by men who have had years of experience in Orphanage work and who are well qualified to go before the Legislature on behalf of our institution.

Excellent work has been done notwithstanding the lameness of the law at certain points; much better work will be done when the evils now existing shall have been remedied by adequate legislation.

This committee, be it understood, will not ask for a dollar of appropriation from the public treasury. All they are after is such protection as the legislature is amply able to give for the more efficient administration of the orphanage work.—Charity and Children.

An Opportunity School

Denver offers something new in education, It is the "opportunity school," and it is maintained during the day and evening. There are 15 teachers who hold themselves in readiness to give instruction in salesmanship, manicuring, shorthand, bookkeeping, typewriting, mechanical drawing, electricity, cooking, sewing, hairdressing millinery and the usual school subjects. Attendance is regulated by the leisure of the pupils, who may be young or old, male or female, native or foreign-born. Anybody who has an hour a day to give to learning something is welcome, and the teachers will do their best.

This is Denver's substitute for the night school and it is thought to be superior because of the greater opportunity for attending. Even a nightwork could go to that school. Success of the effort will, evidently, depend on the character of the population.—Ex

Our Fatherless Ones

REV. W. T. WALKER, Editor-in-chief
JAS. P. GRAY, Editor.

Published Weekly by the Presbyterian Orphans' Home.

Entered at the Postoffice at Barium Springs, as second-class matter.

On the expiration of time for which payment has been made for this paper it is legal to continue to send the paper for one year. After the one year the paper must stop by law.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single Subscription.....$1.00 per year

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1917

AMERICA'S PROSPERITY.

They tell me thou art rich, my country; gold
In glittering flood has poured into thy chest:
Thy flocks and herds increase, thy barns are pressed
With harvest, and thy stores can hardly hold
Their merchandise; unending trains are rolled
Along thy network rails of east and west;
Thy factories and forges never rest;
Thou art enriched in all things bought and sold!

But dost thou prosper? Better news I crave
O dearest country, is it well with thee
Indeed, and is thy soul in health?
A nobler people, hearts more wisely brave,
And thoughts that lift men up and make them free,—
These are prosperty and vital wealth!
—Henry Van Dyke.

A Class of Hustling Boys

Following is a copy of a letter from Mr. S. G. Morgan, teacher of a Sunday school class of boys in Mebane church, which might be of interest to other classes of boys, and a suggestion to them to undertake some definite work for the Orphanage:

"I enclose herewith my check for $6.85 for George Davis from my Sunday school class, $1.50 of which is on the pledge of $15.00 for the year 1916. The other $5.35 is result of 10c given to each of ten boys to see what he could make of it by Christmas. Some did very well. Others were not so good, and some failed to make anything. Each one used his own plan of investing it. They are going to try it again this year, and I hope to get better results from it. Have twelve boys this year and the class pledges $15.00 again for t is year. Each boy is to pay 10c per month and I chip in with them. I expect it to run more than $15.00 for this year, but make it that amount to be sure. This extra $5.35 the boys want you to use for George in a way that he feels he has gotten something direct from them. So please tell him about it and get him something he needs and let him know these boys gave it of their own work and sayings from 10c each invested.

The ones whose pop corn, water melons, etc. failed last year are enthusiastic and say they will make an extra effort to do well with 10c this year.

Are there any club rates for subscriptions to the Orphanage paper? I want to get each one, or better, each family, interested in the class to take it, and in that way get them more interested. If I can get them properly interested in the Orphanage now, as they grow older they will continue to support it, but in an increasing way possibly.

(Signed) S. G. Morgan.

[There are no club rates. The price is $1.00 to all, with the exception of ministers who get it for half price. We regret that the paper robbers have robbed us of our club rates. That is just what they did when they raised the price of paper so outrageously high. We would like to send the paper to these boys at reduced rates, but the Orphanage isn't able to give the paper away at less than cost. Our Fatherless Ones is in the business to get people to give something to the orphans. It is a good plan to let the first money go for Our Fatherless Ones and keep in direct touch with the work at all times.—Editor.]

Program for Social Service Conference in Raleigh.

The program for the Fifth Annual Session of the North Carolina Social Service Conference which meets in Raleigh, January 21-24, has been received.

The program shows the conference to be a service of inspiring addresses and instructive conferences that will deal with the economic, social, civic, and moral conditions of the State, and with the problems pertaining to the bettering of those conditions.

On Sunday at 3:30 o'clock a union mass meeting will be held at the Baptist Church. On Monday afternoon there will be a conference on the "Care of the Dependent Child" with Rev. M. L. Kesler, of Thomasville, presiding. Monday night will be the addresses of Dr. Alexander Johnson and Mr. Edward A. Fitzpatrick. On Tuesday morning there will be a conference on "Current Examples of Social Progress" with Dr. Clarence Poe presiding. Tuesday afternoon's session will be the conference on "Problems of State, Country and Municipal welfare in North Carolina" with Dr. W. L. Poteat, of Wake Forest, presiding. Tuesday night will be the address of Mr. A. W. McAlister of Greensboro on "The Need for a State ot Public Welfare" and of Dr. A. A. McGeachy of Charlotte on "The Case of the Man with the Woman," also of Dr. W. F. Snow of New York on "Social Hygiene."

Wednesday morning's session will be a conference on "Organized Womanhood and Social Welfare in North Carolina" with Mrs. T. W. Lingle of Davidson presiding and the Wednesday afternoon session will be the conference on "Race Betterment" with Dr. C. B. McNairy of Kinston presiding.

Here is an invitation for some writer to take his pen in hand and answer this question: "What is to be the future existence of men who are killed while making an effort to kill their enemnies. In other words, is the war in Aurope wholesale murder or something else. Any who can shed light is invited to do so through these columns.

Seven Wonders of the World.

The Buffalo News says there are three sets of wonders of the world: "The wonders of the ancient world were the pyramids of Egypt, Pharos of Egypt, Hanging Gardens of Babylon, temple of Diana at Ephesus, statue of Jupiter by Phidias, mausoleum of Artemisia and Colossus of Rhodes. The seven wonders of the middle ages were the Coliseum of Rome, Catacombs of Alexandria, Great Wall of China, Stone-henge, Leaning Tower of Pisa, Porcelain Tower of Nanking, and Mosque of St. Sophia of Constantinoble. The Seven natural wonders of the new world are Niagara Falls, Mammoth Cave, Grand Canyons of Colorado River, giant trees of California, Yellowstone Park, Yosemite Valley, and Natural Bridge of Virginia." As we behold God's wonders in creation, in his providence, and in the provisions of redeeming grace, our hearts could fitting by take up these words: "I would seek unto God, which doeth great things and unsearchable; marvelous things without number." (Job 5: 8, 9)

A Buffalo man stopped a newsboy in New York,: "See here, son, I wart to find the Blank National Bank. I'll give you half a dollar if you direct me to it." With a grin the boy replied, "All right come along," and he led the man to a building half a block away. The man paid the promised fee, remarking, however, "That was half a dollar easily earned." "Sure!" responded the lad. But you mustn't fergit that bank directors is paid high in Noo-Yawk."

A Mighty Echo.

Switzerland is a land of echoes. There are certain places in the valleys and along the borders of the lakes where the human voice, fully uttered, comes back with amazing strength and clearness. It is as though the hidden voices of the hills needed only to be awakened by some sympathetic traveler who understood their language. Then, as if by magic, the silences become vocal, and speak to him from many points in rapid succession.

When President Wilson spoke the clear message of truth in his note to the warring nations, he reached farther than he could have reckoned. Across oceans and armies and battlefields, the voice of America sped to the heart of Europe. There were rumblings and grumblings, and then from little, peaceful, neutral Switzerland came the clear echo, sounding loud and distinct above the discordance. It was as splendid as unexpected. The land of freedom, of William Tell, the one brave little hill-girt republic, sent back a mighty echo across half the world, approving, repeating, emphasizing the peace note of the great republic' Never since time began had the mountain silences been broken by sounds so welcome and so gladdening to the hearts of men.

And the echo will not cease with Switzerland. One by one the neutrals are repeating it. It comes booming down from the icy crags and fjords of Norway, from the lakes and hills of Sweden and Denmark, the canals of Holland, and the distant slopes of sunny Spain. And as the echoes multiply, they will be joined by the slower, heavier, deeper notes of the people of England, France and Germany, of Italy and Austria and even of the far-off millions of Russia; for all at heart desire peace. Jarring and discord there may be for a space, as divided counsels in some lands may halt it; but by and by the clear peace note will arise in world-wide unison from everywhere. Little Switzerland sounded the key when, like a prophet on her mountain-tops, she sent forth the first note of the mighty echo that in its full diapason will be heard throughout the world, the small and the great in unison, as a prelude to the dawn of peace.—Christian Herald.

Gov. T. W. Bickett is to be known as the "Good Health Governor." He has gone on record as favoring a law to prohibit the sale of patent medicines that advertise cures for diseases that are incurable. Something ought to be done to protect our sick from these unprincipled fakers who advertise cures for cancer, consumption, Bright's disease, etc.

Rich people who will not help the poor will be pitiable paupers themselves in the next world. Recently Elizabeth M. Palmer left $3,000,000 to found a home for orphan girls in Detroit, Mich. This is one of the really great happenings of the past few days, and yet, the big dailies only paused to mention it, hurrying on to the murder and divorce stories.

It is a short route from cold-blooded murder to freedom. The first step is to have the sentence commuted to a life sentence. In less than ten years the prisoner is given a pardon by a sympathetic governor, and comes out a much better man by the experience. The trouble is it makes our laws a farce, and causes the law-breakers to have little respect for the law.

The whiskey "ring" is getting anxious. They letters come now marked "personal" which means that they want them to reach the editor. It were better for them that their letters never rech this editor.

Mike Hanigan was busily engaged painting some railings. He was working so hard that Pat, who knew his dislike for labor, was astonished. "Faith," said Pat, "you are going to it. I've never seen you work so hard before." "Begorra answered Mike, still working feverishly, "don't bother me. I'm trying to finish painting, before the paints all used up."

Gems of Thought for Every Day Living.

The River and the tree

You are white and tall and swaying," Sang the river to the tree,
And your leaves are touched with silver-but you never smile on me;
Or your branches murmur love songs to the sun-kissed turquoise sky,
And you seem so far above me that I always hurry by!"

"You are laughing in your shallows you are somber in your deeps,
And below your shining surface there's a heart that never sleeps;
But all day you pass me dancing, and at evening time you dream,
And I didn't think you liked me sang the birch-tree to the stream.

So they got a bit acquainted on a glowing summer day,
And they found they liked each other which is ofentimes the way;
And the river got so friendly and it ran so very slow,
That the birch-tree shone reflected in the water down below!—Sel.

There is only one failure possible in life and that is not to be true to the best one knows.—Canon Farrar.

What the eyes is to the body, faith is to the soul. You don't dig your eyes out to see if you have the right kind, but you are doing that to your faith.—D. L. Moody.

"Even our adversity may prove a burning bush in the desert where God may remind us of better things to come."

Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us wordy evidence of the fact.—George Eliot.

Life is most beautiful and noble, not when its environment is most splendid, but when it is nourished by the highest thought and purest loves.—Bishop Spalding.

If men were as eager to discover good as evil and had the same delight in spreading the report of it; if good examples were made public as the bad ones always are, the world would be better for it.—Mormontel.

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart.

"Little Dorrit turned at the door to say, 'God bless you!' She said it very softly; but perhaps she may have been as audible above—who knows?—as a whole cathedral choir."—Charles Dickens.

The famous Bility family. Are they friends of yours?

A. Bility	Capa Bility
Relia Bility	Sta Bility
Adapta Bility	Equa Bility
Dependa Bility	Plausi Bility
Amia Bility	No Bility

—Scranton Accelerator.

He who does not first hide himself in the secret place to be alone with his God, is unfit to show himself in the public place to move among men.—Ex.

A man with so much money and so many worries that he cannot enjoy his money is like a fly that has fallen into a barrel of molasses.—Ex.

Thinks the Preacher Doesn't Get a Square deal.

That a preacher should be helpless in his own pulpit is one of the pathetic things that has come to pass in these last days. What with the preludes and interludes, the offertory, the chanting and the anthems, the solos and quartetts, beside the doings of the orchestra, he has to make hot haste with the usual preliminaries if he gets to his text by 12 o'clock. Moreovor, if he reaches the text by 12 o'clock without having become entangled and confused with the order of service, he is to be congratulated. How meekly he looks up at the choir at intervals as if to say, "Is it my turn next?"

One can read upon the face of the poor, choir-pecked pastor a look of inexpressible agony—as he sees minute after minute go by and realizes that he is to have no opportunity for delivering his message. It is enough to make the angels weep. He has labored and prayed all through the week and coming into the pulpit with the burden of a great message upon his heart and ready to speak it forth with a tongue of fire, he must sit there and let it all ooze out while waiting for the end of a performance likely better suited for the opera than for the church.—N. C. Christion Advocate.

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Why use Drugs WHEN Barium { OR OLD POISON } Spring Water IS BETTER?

(Bulletin North Carolina State Board of Health.)

"We not only use more drugs per capita than any other people in the world" says the State Board of Health, "but we use more doctors. Approximately 3 times as many doctors, according to our population, as Germany and Austria, and more than 4 times as many as France. But as to our great use of drugs," continues the Board, "it is one of our most harmful habits."

We advise that you leave off the use of drugs and use Barium Springs Water, which purifies the blood, drives ou uric acid, builds up the system and revitalizes the nerves.

We guarantee benefits if the water is used according to our directions, or we will cheerully refund your money.

When ordering water, state the nature of your trouble. We will advise you how to use it and get the best results.

Dr. T. E. Anderson, of Statesville N. C., in regard to Barium Spring Water says that it has slowly but surely established itself in the confidence of the people, both professional and otherwise. Its medicinal and curative properties are known and acknowledged by all. For a long time I doubted its efficacy, but my skepticism has long since been dissipated by a personal knowledge of its effect upon the system. Its greatest triumphs have been in cutaneous disorders, acting as a specific in both acute and chronic Eczemas in many cases. Though in Rehumatic and Gouty conditions of the system, it exerts an influence almost amounting to curative.

Mr. J. W. McCoy, of Charlotte, N.C., writes that several years ago he had a violent attack of typhoid fever and for three years was a nervous wreck. He was totally unfit for any kind of work, and suffered continually with his stomach. His improvement began when he went to Barium Springs and began to use the water. He found that it acted freely on the liver and kidneys, and he began to improve in general health, and after leaving the Springs, he had the water shipped to him and continued its use and was entirely cured.

Send $2.00 For Ten Gallons.

Address Barium Springs Co.,

Dept. O, Box 1

Barium Springs, : : : : N. C.

Presbyterian Orphans' Home.

REV. W. T. WALKER,

Superintendent and Treasurer,

BARIUM SPRINGS, : : N. C.

An Institution of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina for the Care of Orphan Children.

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How to Send Money and Supplies.

Money should be sent to Rev. W. T. Walker, Treasurer, Barium Springs, North Carolina.

We can handle Bank checks. Express money orders or Post Office money orders, as you prefer to send. We have Express and P. O. money order offices here.

Supplies can be sent by express or freight.

All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be made previously to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

☞Notice of all shipments should be promptly sent to the Superintendent, and Express or Freight Bill of Lading inclosed.

Telegrams should be addressed to us at Statesville, N. C. 'Phone 908 green 2

Form of Bequest

To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home,
Barium Springs, North Carolina:

"I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * *"

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

Should Boys Use Tobacco?

"How I hate to get hold of a tobacco user," said an army surgeon to me, yesterday.

"Why," I asked.

"Oh, their hearts play out when you least expect it," he said.

This from a surgeon who has just returned from the European war front.

"I instruct the medical examiners to give tobacco users a rigid examination," he continued, "because it breaks my heart to see boys not more than twenty-one play out and lie in hospitals with shock or wounds from which they should recover in a few days."

"But you smoke," I said.

"Yes, and I have lived to blame my father for permitting me to think it was manly; self-indulgence is never manly and self-control is. He did not know it made a boy's heart flabby and his wind short, but I do, and if my sons start to smoke it will be after they are twenty-one."

Then I thought of Grant, who was tobacco's victim, and King Edward and Mark Twain, who suffered agonies with tobacco hearts and might have been with us yet, and the King of Hungary, who fell off his horse and was killed because of defective vision due to smoking. As I thought of many more such wonderful lives sacrificed, I said:

"What do they get out of it?"

"A temporary habit pleasure which leads to a habit that costs money from which the owner would get more pleasure elsewhere—and to loss of health he cannot well spare."

Moving a Town in a Boat.

The transitory nature of life in Alaska is shown by an incident in Dr. F. A. Cook's account of his ascent of Mt. McKinley, "To the Top of the Continent." He was in search of a town on Yentna River when "at about ten o'clock we saw a big dory drifting down the stream. A corpulent miner, with all kinds of things, was in the boat. To our question, 'How far to Youngstown? he answered: 'It used to be twenty miles above, but it has just moved. I have the town in the dory and am taking it down the stream."—Clipping.

The best expression of joy, when long-cherished desires are at last on the eve of accomplishment, is thanks to God.—Alexander Maclaren.

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The Mother: "Do you think he has matrimonial intentions, dear?"

The Maid: "I certainly do, mother. He tried to convince me last night that I appeared to better advantage in that 12 hat than in the $50 one."—Puck.

Slippery Weather.

Just ahead of us a stout man stood gravely on one toe, whirled around like a strange human marionette, hesitated, poised uncertainly, and then crashed down to the sidewalk. Some one rushed to his side, helped him up, and he walked off, limping resentfully. With the picture of his rather dangerous fall before our eyes, we shirked the bit of icy sidewalk carefully and went forward,, with our eyes down, looking for other icy stretches. Once my friend slid. and I clutched her arm. She righted herself and laughed shakily.

"I wonder why it is that I hate so to fall?" she questioned.

"Everybody hates to fall," I answered her. "It might hurt, and its rather humilating. Everybody hates to fall."

We walked a few blocks in silence. And then I slipped. My friend clutched my arm and I balanced, righted myself cautiously.

"Oh," said my friend, half angrily, "I hate this slippery weather!"

When one also hates slippery weather—and when one is trying, desperately, hard to play the glad game, it is hard to make responses, sometimes. But—

"Anyway," I answered, "slippery weather is good for us, once in a while. It makes us much more careful!"

Life had always been a rather comfortable journey to Annette Brown. She had been born into a world of ease and plenty and affection. The only child of wealthy parents, she was indulged and petted and consulted. In other words—

I have always wondered why unlimited indulgence and petting and consideration do not invariably make the recipients thereof particularly sweet-tempered, loving, considerate persons. But I've discovered that they don't. They often tend to make them just the opposite, rather snappish and inconsiderate, Too much of anything, no matter how pleasant the said anything may be, is apt to be bad for one. In other words, Annette Brown was spoiled.

Even wealthy parents sometimes cease to be wealthy. It was comparatively easy, when Annette was small, to satisfy her slightly whiny demands for doll houses and imported doll babies to fill them. When she was in her early teens it wasn't hard to keep her at the most expensive school and pay for vacation trips, heavily chaperoned, to Europe. But when she made her bow to the society of her city, when she dashed radiantly into a whirl of pleasure and extravagance it became harder—very hard, indeed. There must be a car and much entertaining. Then another car was needed, and a larger house, the entertaining might be carried on in a royal way. Then there were weekend parties, and a country home to stage them in become necessary. Also a box at the opera, caterers, and gowns from foreign costumers.

And then, to keep up with it all, Annette Brown's father began to dable in stocks—that is, he began to dabble at first. Then he plunged. Have you ever seen a timid child go in swimming; first thrusting one foot into the water, then the other, and suddenly, recklessly, darting in? It was like that with Annette Brown's father. Only, unlike most timid] children, he waded out too far. And when a huge wave crept in to engulf him, he was all unprepared. The wave struck him. That was all.

People called it heart failure. A few, who knew, left the heart out of it and called it failure. After the funeral, Annette Brown found herself with only a small income—scaraely more to live on than she had spent yearly on silk stockings and dainty lingerie. The wave that had carried off her father had swept town and country houses, opera boxes, expensive gowns, and many other things in its wake. After a while, Annette Brown discovered that a number of friends had gone with the houses.

It was slippery weather for Annette. Like the stout man, she stood gravely on one toe, tried to balance herself, and, like a pitifully human marionette, crumpled up in a heap. And, unlike the stout man, there was nobody to help her up. She had to get up by herself. She didn't fall once, either; she fell many times. It was very slippery weather indeed for Annette Brown.

And then, sore at heart, and discouraged in spirit from the whacks that fate had been giving her, Annette Brown sat down beside the slipperiness of life's sidewalk to think it over. And as she sat there, she realized that other people had been sliding and slipping and falling down just as she was doing it, all the while that she had been sheltered and considered and loved. And it occured to her that many more would be slipping and falling if they didn't walk in a mighty careful manner. And she decided that she, too, would walk carefully. Slippery weather, though she hated it, taught her to understand the meaning of life.

She cut down expenses, and bought only cheap, very necessary, clothes. And she spent her surplus—which was small—going to business college. She came in contact with girls who had lived in a world as cold and slippery as ice all of their lives. She got to know them, and as she knew them her selfishness and snobbishness fell away from her. It never came back.

She graduated from business college and began to make good in the business world. And then, suddenly, in an almost story-book fashion, she married. The announcement of her marriage flashed from the front pages of many papers for it was a rich man—a very rich man—who married her. And erstwhile friends flocked back to her standard. They flocced eagerly.

But Annette Brown, who was no longer Annette Brown, had lived through a very slippery, wintry period of life. And she learned to walk carefully. So she was coolly sweet to her erstwhile friends, and pleasant to the tradespeople who had snubbed her, and forgiving to the shops where credit had beeen refused. But that was all. She didn't do much entertaining, and she was not extravagant or wasteful. She didn't forget girls who, as clerks and stenographers, had been her friends. She ran herself and, in consequence, it was a real home.

This the story of Annette Brown. If the very rich man had met her before her father's death, he would have married a dressed up doll with a very uncertain disposition—if he had married Annette Brown. As it was, he married a girl with a character—a girl who had learned to walk carefully.

Slippery weather is unpleasant. We have all, at one time or another, found that out. But it is useful, and instructive, and good for one. Unpleasant things often are good for one.

For slippery weather teaches one to walk careful, and though there may be many bumps during the learning-to walk period, when one has once leaned to walk carefully it is worth every bump, every jar, every fall! —Christian Herald.

Make Yourself a Man.

When a boy Garfield was asked as a boy what he was going to be, he replied: "First of all I must make myself a man: if I do not succeed in that, I can succeed in nothing." The future president uttered wisdom worthy of any age. Diogenes lantern search is continued all over the world, and like him, the searchers must often say "I called for men, not pigmies" I would therefore remind all boy readers of this magazine that first requisite of all education and training should be mantimber.

If a young man starts out with the fixed determination that every statement he makes shall be the exact truth; that every promise he makes shall be redeemed to the letter; that every appointment shall be kept with the strictest faithfulness and with full regard for other men's time; if he holds his reputation as a priceless treasure, feels that the eyes of the world are upon him, that he must not deviate hair's breadth from truth and right: if he takes such a stand in the outset, he will, like many of our great merchants of today, come to have almost unlimited credit and confidence of all; and will develop into man timber. A sterling character will secure respect and make its influence felt though its possessor lack culture, talent and property.—Spare Moments.

They Cut Out Their Own Stuff.

When the representative of the Texas Brewers' Association needed local help in his pre-election work in that State some years ago he wrote to his business friends for a man who "must be absolutely sober and have no bad habits." That is booze's verdict on booze: the stuff is fine until you want to get something done.—Collier's

The Humorous Side of Life.

At an evening party the hostess had coaxed a protesting guest to sing. After the song she went up to him smiling. "Oh, Mr. Jenkins," she said, "you must never tell me again that you can't sing—I know now!"—Argonaut.

Greece Her Knee.

It is told of Colonel Roosevelt that in his school days he was once called upon to recite a poem. Bravely he began.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The turk lay dreaming of the hour!
When Greece, her knee——

There he faltered. Twice he repeated "Greece, her knee," then quit dead. The old professor looked over his spectacles, then remarked:

"Grease her once more, Theodore. Perhaps she'll go easier then.—Ex.

A young woman entered a jewelry store and asked to see a clock, "Here is one," said the jeweler, "which will run eight days without winding." "Gracious!" said the woman; "how long will it run if you wind it?"

Judge—Are you positive the prisoner is the man who stole the horse?

Witness—I was, your honor, till that lawyer cross examined me. He's made me feel I stole it myself.—Life.

Mrs. Wigwag—"My husband has to be very careful with his diet. He suffers so from gastric trouble."

Mrs. Pneurich—"I never did like them gas ranges."

Hub (just starting for office)—By the way, was there any of that boiled squash left over from dinner last night?

Wife—Yes, dear. Why? Hub—I want to put a little on my moustache to make my business associates think we can afford eggs.—Boston Transcript.

The school master possessed a very short temper and became extremely irritable when not obeyed at once. He was hearing the reading lesson, and Johnny was getting along famously until he came to the word "barque," when he halted. "B-b-b-ba-" stuttered Johnny. The master sharply said, "Barque, boy; barque." Johnny glared at the master with a look of perplexity on his face, and the master's temper rose. "Barque, boy; barque," he roared. Then Johnny, with a pitiful expression on his face, replied: "Bow—wow—wow—wow!"

The Teacher had been reading to the class about the great forests of America.

"And now, boys," she announced, which one of you can tell me the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?"

Up went a hand in the front row.

"Well, Tommy?"

"The porcupine!"—Tit-Bits.

An enterprising young man in a rowboat in one of the small towns of ths Middle West called out to the man on the roof of a one-story building afloat in midstream: "You people who live on the lands along here know that this river overflows its banks every spring. Why don't you move?"

"Aint I movin', answered the man on the roof.

For three successive nights Newpop had walked the floor with the baby. On the fourth night he became desperate and bought a bottle of soothing syrup.

"Why James," exclaimed his wife when she saw the bottle, "why did you know it is very dangerous to give a child anything like that?"

"Don't worry," was her husband's reply. "I'm going to take it myself."—Wisconsin State Journal.

If you have a pleasant thought in your soul speak it out. Show the world that you are near of kin to Bethlehem and its angels. —Ex.

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If you have an extra loaf in tho bin take it down street to some hungry waif. Make it a blessing. God has a mouth for every loaf. Find the mouth.—

Flora Macdonald College

Red Springs, N. C.

Location	Our location in the Pine woods of Carolina on the Coast Line Railway is ideal.
Water	We have flowing wells of Sulphur water on the campus. In fact, Red Springs is a health resort.
Equipment	Our equipment is abreast of all modern requirements.
Faculty	Our Faculty is equal to the work demanded—which is, A THOROUGH EDUCATION.

If you have daughters to educate, do not fail to investigate our claims. We educate mind and heart.

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Form of Bequest.

To the Presbyterian Orphans Home,
Barium Springs, North Carolina:

"I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following:---------- ----------

to be applied by them to the purposes of the Orphanage

The above form of bequest is furnished for the benefit and convenience of those who may wish to leave the Presbyterian Orphans Home money or property, but who may not know how to proceed in the matter. This form is also inserted to attract the attention of brethren and sisters who have means that could not be given to a more worthy cause. There are many bethren and sisters who have means that we hope will be given to care for the helpless children who have no fathers and mothers.

Any one who makes a bevuest may specify the direct use of the money or property given.

Will not a large number of persons, in writing their wills, remember to leave something to aid the helpless and save them from ignorance and often degradation?

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Great business activity is here. Will you get on the crest of the wave that carries you swiftly to success? This school gives you the necessary training. This is a year filled with opportunity for you. FOR HANDSOME CATALOG Addresss

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Trains Leave Charlotte Effective May 30, 1915.

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No. 14 -5:05 a. m.—Through train for Wilmington, with parlor car attached. Connecting at Hamlet with train for Portsmouth, Norfolk, Raleigh and all points north. Dining car service, vestibule coaches and sleeping cars to Washington and New York, connecting at Maxton for A. C. L. points north.

No. 34—10:10 a. m.—For Raleigh and Weldon and all local points.

No. 29—5:05 p. m.—For Wilmington sleeping car, passengers can stay in all night at Wilmington. This train connects at Hamlet for Savannah, Jacksonville and all points south and north.

No. 16—7:50 p. m.—Arrive Washington 7:10 a.m. N. Y. 12:52 p.m. connecting at Monroe for Atlanta and all points west and southwest, also connects at Monroe with fast train for Norfolk, Richmond, Washington and New York, through vestibule coaches. Pullman electric lighted sleeping cars to New York, dining cars Richmond to New York

West Bound

No. 15 - 9:05 a. m.—Local for Rutherfordton, connecting at Bostic with C. C. & O. for all points on that line to Johnson City, Tenn.

No. 31—3:25 p. m.—Local for Rutherfordton from Raleigh, connecting at Lincolnton with C. & N. W. for points on that line.

For further information call 'phone 180, City office, 32 W. Trade St.

James Ker Jr., T. P. A. Charlotte, N. C.
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FOR SALE—One large bell suitable for school or farm bell. Apply to Rev. W. T. Walker, Supt., Barium Springs, N. C.

Short Stories for the Boys and Girls

Get the Habit.

Now while you have your pencil in hand will you read the following list of god habits and check off as many as you can conscientiously subscribe to and say—"That I do."

Get the habit—of early rising.

Get the habit—of retiring early.

Get the habit—of eating slowly.

Get the habit—of being grateful.

Get the habit—of being punctual.

Get the habit—of fearing nothing.

Get the habit—of speaking kindly.

Get the habit—or radiating sunshine.

Get the habit—of seeking the sunshine daily.

Get the habit—of speaking correctly.

Get the habit—of pronouncing correctly.

Get the habit—of closing doors gently.

Get the habit—of neatness in appearance.

Get the habit—of relying on self, always.

Get the habit—of a forgiving spirit.

Get the habit of being industrious.

Get the habit—of apprehending no evil.

Get the habit—of anticipating only good.

Get the habit—of always being progressive.

Get the habit—of promptness at meals.

Get the habit—of a quiescent concentration.

Get the habit—of daily physical exercise.

Get the habit—of being accommodating.

Get the habit—of being a good listener.

Get the habit—of eccnomy—not stinginess.

Get the habit—of eating but one hearty meal a day.

How to be Happy.

It was at a girl's summer school years ago. One of the girls rose and said to Allice Freeman Palmer, the honored and beloved first President of Wellesley College, who had been talking to them:

"Mrs. Palmer, your are always so cheerful and happy; will you tell us, please, how we can be happy?"

"I will," said this noble woman. "I will give you three very simple rules:

The first is this: Commit something to memory every day, something good, it needn't be much. Three or four words will do—just a pretty bit of a poem or a Bible verse.

The second rule is this: Look for something pretty every day; and don't skip a day, or it won't work.

My third is—now mind don't skip a day: Do something for somebody every day. That is all there is to it. You'd better try it."

These three rules, which are applicable in every walk of life, are just as good as when they were spoken; begin now—try them.

A Little Learning a Dangerous T hing

Soon after the war, when there were no schools for the negro preachers a great many of the ex-slaves who could neither read nor write, were licensed to preach; but they were usually required first to appear before a committee of preachers to stand an examination upon their knowledge of the Scriptures. One old darkey who was ambitious to become the pastor of a church appeared before the examining board and was asked what he knew about the book of Psalms. He replied that he did not know anything about that book, but that he knew all the parables, and when asked to give one of the parables, he replied: "And lo the Queen of Sheba (1 Kings 10:1, 2) she went down to Jerusalem seated on a mule (John 12: 12-14) and behold the mule flung her and she fell among thieves (Luke 10: 30) and they went by on the other side (10:31); but she got agin back upon that mule and she rode into Jerusalem (John 12: 14) and as she rode in the people came forth for to meet her with palm branches crying Great is Susanna of the Ephesians (Acts 19:28) and they waved them palm branches in that mule's face which were a colt and she must have been 'spired of God or she could not have sot upon that mule; and as she rode down the street she looked up to the second story window and she cried out fling down Jezebel, and the answer came back we ain't gwine to fling down Jezebel; and she cried unto them a third time to fling down Jezebel, and the answer came back we ain't gwine to fling down Jezebel, and den they change der mind and flung her down seventy times seven, and she bust into pieces which could not be numbered for their multitudes (Rev. 7:9) and of her fragments they gathered up twelve basketfuls, 5 loaves and 2 small fishes (Luke 9:16, 17) and I say unto you brethren, whose wife is Jezebel gwine to be in the day of judgment." (Mark 12:23).

Monument To Mitchell

We fully agree with the Asheville Citizen in its protests against a $151,000 Monument on the top of Mount Mitchell. In the first place, we have made the memory of the great scientist by giving it his name. To add a hundred or more feet to its great height by the erection of a monument would be not unlike erecting a walking cane on the top of Washington's monument.

In the second place, there is a better way to spend the money. We heartily endorse General Carr's plan to raise $151,000 to perpetuate the memory of Dr. Mitchell, but we suggest that $2,000 or $3,000 of it be used to erect a monument on top of the mountain and the balance be be used to endow the science department of the University which he loved so well and served so faithfully. A memorial of this kind will be of incalculable value to thousands of young men, while the other would merely please the fancy of a few travelers who chanced to pass that way.

After all, the discovery that a certain mountain peak is the tallest in the range is not, in itself, any very great achievement. It cost Dr. Mitchell his life and cut short his career of usefulness as a teacher of science. His chief title to fame is as a teacher of the youth of the State. The endowment of an Elisha Mitchell Fund at the University for scientific research would perpetuate the memory of his usefulness; a costly monument in the remote mountain top would only commemorate his tragic death. The greatest monument is that which is built in the hearts and lives of the people.—The State Journal.

O. Henry Wouldn't Forgive.

Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, in his "O. Henry Biography" narrates the following incident that comes from Clarance L. Cullen: "I was with O. Henry one afternoon when a batch of mail was brought to him. On one of the envelops was printed the name of one of the leading fiction publications in the world, if not indeed, the most important of them all. Many time during the years when he had been struggling for a foothold as a writer of short stories, he had submitted his tales, including the best of them, to the editor of this publication. Always had they ceme back with the conventional printed slip. When he reached the topmost rung of the ladder he refrained from submitting anything to that particular publication. He ripped open this envelope, which attracted his eye. There was a note and a check for $1,000. The note asked him briefly for something from his pen—anything—with that word underscored—check for which was therewith enclosed. If the thousand dollars was not deemed sufficient, in the note went on, he had only to name what sum he considered fair, and the additional amount would be remitted to him. Without comment, O. Henry addressed an envelope to the editor, slipped the check inside, and went out into the hall and deposited it in the drop."—State Journal.

A new boy came to a city school. He had been attending a little country school where the methods of discipline were primitive. In his new school he saw some electriciaus at werk.

"What are those men doing?" he asked.

"Putting in an electric switch."

The boy started up in alarm. "I'm going back," he exclaimed, "I won't stay in any school where they do the switching by machinery."

IS YOUR NAME IN THIS COLUMN?

The following subscribers have placed their names on our "honor roll" and enlisted to help us wage war against the newspaper trust. There are others. Don't wait for us to write to you. Send a dollar today. In the list below those paid one dollar for one year where not otherwise stated:

Miss Mary C. Wiley $2.00 12-1-18
Miss Maggie Patterson 1-1-18
E. L. Goodnight, 25cts. 1-18-17
Mrs. J. M. Grier 1-15-19
Mrs. E. A. Maultsby, $3.00 1-24-17
Mrs. R. S. Caldwell 1-15-18
Neill McLean $3.00 6-1-19
Mrs J. W. Hodgin, 50cts. 1-18-17
Mrs. M. H. Wooten 11-11-17
Mrs. T. J. Armstrong 1-1-18
Mrs. C. P. Grantham for Vardell Grantham, 12-10-17
Miss Jessie Wicker, 1-15-18
J. C. Nisbet for Mrs. Sarah Campbell 1-15-18
J. G. Sterling, $2 00 1-26-18
J. H. Troutmans, $3.00 12-5-18

In the list above will be found the names of two old Orphanage boys. Mr. Neill McLean graduated from the Orphanage in 1912. He is now a deacon in the church at Vass, N. C. The choice was a wise one because he is a financier of no little ability. Look wha Deacon McLean did for his subscription—put it ahead of every one on the list for last week. Then further down in the list is the name of Mr. J. G. Sterling, who paid two years in advance. Mr. Sterling is one of the editors of the Twin-City Sentinel of Winston-Salem.

Gifts in Kind.

The following good friends have made contributions of merchandise since our last issue of this paper:

Bethel Church, Cornelius, one box canned fruit.

Goldsboro Sunday School, one crate apples, oranges, candy, etc.

Ladies Aid Society, Bethel Church, Orange Presbytery, one box containing canned fruit, towels, gingham, etc.

Ladies Missionary Society, Midway Church, Orange Presbytery, two quilts.

Ed. Mellon Company, Charlotte, one box of Clothing.

Rocky Point Church, one box of canned fruit, provisions, etc.

Jan. 2, one box apples, no name given.

Mr. Harry Smith, Tarboro, one bag of peanuts.

Salisbury Cotton Mill, one bale of gingham.

Jan. 9, one bucket pecans, no name given.

Lumber Bridge Sunday School, one dozen towels, canned fruit, groceries, etc.

The Ladies Missionary Society of Lexington sent the bananas Christmas instead of Mr. Owen, who was given the credit at the time.

The Greatest Tragedy

In the "Men of the Mountains," Arthur W. Spaulding quotes a touching little story of one of those isolated homes among the Appalachian hills, whose occupants seldom hear the voice of prayer, have never seen a Bible and could not read it if they had it. A minister visiting the home for the first time told the little family the story of the cross. They followed him with wrapt faces, and when he had concluded the mother, leaning toward him, whispered, hoarsely:

"Stranger, you say all this happened a long time ago?"

"Yes," he said, "almost 2,000 years ago."

"And they nailed Him to that thar tree when He hadn't done nothing to hurt 'em, only jest loved 'em?"

"Yes."

She leaned farther and placed her hand impressively upon his knee. "Wal, stranger," she said, the tears standing in her eyes, "let's hope hit ain't so!"—Youth's Companion.

"The Bible has been the Magna Charta of the poor and of the oppressed. Down to modern times, no state has had a constitution in which the interests of the people are so largely taken into account; in which the duties, so much more than the privileges, of rules are insisted upon, as that drawn up for Israel in Deuteronomy and Leviticus. Nowhere is the fundamental truth, that the welfare of the state, in the long run, depends upon the righteousness of the citizen, so strongly laid down. The Bible is the most democratic book in the world."

Silk Sox, 25c. | Lion Shirts and Collars.

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Buy now and you will get your Coat at about half the price you will pay next Fall.

Men's heavy and medium weight Overcoats, black and colors, reduced to $4.95, $5.95, $6.95, $8.95 and $9.95.

Schloss and Styleplus Overcoates, medium and heavy weights, Blacks, Grays and Fancies, new English and conservative models, some silk lined. Sale prices, $12.95, $13.95 and $14.95.

Men's Cravanette Coats, 50, 52 and 56 inches long, sizes 33 to 46, reduced to $8.95, $9.95, $11.95 and $12.99.

EXTRA SPECIAL—Men's $10.00 Cloth Surface Raincoats. Sale price, $4.95.

Men's Sample Raincoats, $2.98, $3.95 and $4 95.

Boys' Sample Raincoats, $1.48, $1.98, $2.48, $2.98 and $3.95.

School Boys' Overcoats reduced to $2.95 $4 95 and 6 95.

Little Boys' Overcoats and Reefers reduced to $1 48, $1.95, $2.95 and $3.95.

Men's and Boys' Mackinaws, $2.95, $3.95, $4 95 and $6.95.

Men's Odd Coats, great values, at $1.95, $2.48, $2.95, $3.95, $4.95 and $6.95.

$4.00 to $5.00 Men's Corduroy Pants, $2.48 and $2.98.

300 pairs Sweet-Orr Corduroy Pants, slightly imperfect, $4.00 to $5.00 values, sale price $2.48 and $2.98.

Boys' Corduroy Pants, 98c to $1.98.

Men's Outing Night Shirts, 50c, 72c, 89c and 98c.

Boys' Outing Night shirts, 50c.

Men's $1.50 Outing Pajamas, 98c.

Boys' Outing Pajamas, 75c and 98c.

16 RETAIL STORES **BELK BROS.** 16 RETAIL STORES

Charlotte, N. C.

Babies in court, the reason.

Three boys—aged 8, 10 and 12 years—were before Judge Shaw in Buncombe Superior Court at Asheville this week for storebreaking and larceny. The 10-year-old was sent home with his father and the others were sent to the Jackson Training School Concord. In admonishing the boys, Judge Shaw declared that "improper conditions in the home and laxity of home training is the cause of these babies being in court. When I was a boy, a good thrashing would have been given, and it usually proved a cure." Right, Judge Shaw, but rather out of date. We don't hear of much of that old-time thrashing being done by parents these days and when it is attempted in the next best place—the school—the teacher is haled into court and it costs him a few months' salary before it is over with, if he is not murdered right out by irate relatives. Your father's idea produced a judge and the other fellow's a thief. But a smart-aleck kid is bigger than a judge any time.—Statesville Landmark.

A School That is Redeeming the Time.

In the lobby of the Yarborough Hotel, Friday the Observer was introduced to a young man of excellent address, intelligent of face and neatly attired, as one example of the output of the Jackson Training School at Concord. The young fellow was sent to that school for training some years ago and there he was taken in hand, given a moral and technical education and sent out to make his way in the world. He found employment, lowly at first, but from which he was successively promoted until now he is holding a position of trust and responsibility and is drawing a salary of $180 a month. And this is but one example. The Jackson Training School is filling the State with others of the same kind, each one of whom had been headed to the bad and would gone there but for the helping hand extended by this noble institution.—Charlotte Observer.

Charlotte is soon to become a great railroad center. Mr. W. N. Foreacre, the new general manager of the "Lines East" will make Charlotte his headquarters. His coming will mean a large office building and hundreds of clerks and other employes.

The Curse of Wealth

That wealth proves a curse to many individuals and many families the daily happenings chronicled in the press amply prove. The newspapers today are carrying big headlines announcing the death of a wealthy young Pittsburgher, who took his life as the officers of the law were breaking into his hotel apartments in Atlantic City to arrest him on a charge of being connected with the murder of a young woman in Philadelphia a few days ago.

Idleness, an unlimited amount of money to squander, adulation and flattery are instruments of the devil which carry many young men to ruin, and he is of strong will and level head who can resist their damning effect.

The possession of immense wealth not only ruins many young men, but its blighting influence falls upon the women likewise. Idle, frivolous, lazy, heartless, tippling, gambling women—the product of riches—can be found by the thousands in this country of colossal fortunes, and, to relate their impecunious "sisters in society"—those without the pale of the charmed circle of the "Four Hundred"—seek to ape them in the follies and petty vices. What is more pitiable than the spectacle of a silly society woman without the means to do so seeking to follow the lead of the rich "swells."

"The deceitfulness of riches" has been shown from the days of old, and that young man or young woman who is poor in this world's goods has cause to be thankful rather than reason for mourning and complaint.

The Fashions are not Entirely New.

"Moreover, the Lord said, Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched necks, and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet:

"Therefore the Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion, and the Lord will discover their secret parts."—Isaiah 111: 16-17.

The peace boom seems to have exploded and there is nothing to it. Well, let them get enough of it while they are ready and maybe they will not be willing to fight again very soon.

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Everything in the Hardware Line

Better Be Sure Than Sorry

All workmen not being of equal ability, many pay for the best service but do not obtain it. The successful artisan is he who understands his profession in every detail, whose scientific skill rebels at haphazard, makeshift methods which betray the confidence of the patron. Integrity, honesty and ability should appeal to you. Then why risk or be satisfied with the tolerably good when the best is obtainable at no higher cost. Senn takes pride in doing each job exactly as it should be done. Guesswork and experimenting are overcome through scientific knowledge. The tone and wear of your piano will be scrupulously preserved if intrusted to my care.

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Carefully Treat Children's Colds

Neglect of children's colds often lays the foundation of serious lung trouble. On the other hand, it is harmful to continually dose delicate little stomachs with internal medicines or to keep the children always indoors.

Plenty of fresh air in the bedroom and a good application of Vick's "Vap-O-Rub" Salve over the throat and chest at the first sign of trouble, will keep the little chaps free from colds without injuring their digestions. 25c, 50c, or $1.00.

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